

JIM JAM JEMS

FEB. 25¢



EARLY
SPRING
SHOWING!



Paying alimony is like
buying a Pullman berth
for some other fellow to
sleep in while you sit up
in the smoker all night.



JIM JAM JAMS

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Just as soon as Cokey Joe gets
everything cleaned up in this
country, he figures on cross-
ing the Atlantic to handle
the European problem.





Gangdom's Goings-on

CONCEIVED in the womb of Prohibition, delivered by the mid-wife of Bigotry and sumptuously financed by the Hypocrisy of "Enforcement," Gangdom has grown to a giant stature. It has grown to a size and to a strength that menaces old man Lawen Order in this bedeviled U. S. A. Chicago is gangdom's headquarters and its hind-quarters loll over the rest of the land.

Time was when the poverty-stricken underworld cowered and hid and skulked and side-stepped and kept under cover. But not now, mates, not now! Gangdom struts about, preens its fine feathers, puffs out its pouter pigeon breast and thumbs its nose at old man Lawen Order whose income is less than gangdom's. It is dough that rolls out into the upper crust and gangdom has it aplenty while Lawen Order bears a lean purse.

Chicago is gangdom's paradise where its fruitage is luscious and where policedom stands helpless and complaisant. To rehearse all the doings, and the personnel of the doers, of gangdom in Chicago

would more than fill this issue. The names of many of them are as well, or better, known as that of the occupant of the White House.

Dion O'Banion (before he was shot down in his own headquarters), Al Capone, "Bugs" Moran and Zuta (before he was murdered), Druggan and White are the names of just a few of the head-liners "front-paged" along with President Hoover and former President Coolidge. Their deeds and alleged misdeeds and whereabouts partake of the glamor of royalty. Royalty oft "goes broke," but never gangdom.

Murder as a Fine Art

Gangdom has elevated murder to a fine art and practices it with speed, efficiency, and with studied nonchalance. Witness the butchery of O'Banion, of the seven bloodily slaughtered on St. Valentine's day, of Lingle, the Tribune reporter, of Zuta, the "pay-off" and auditor, of McSwiggin and of literally hundreds of others. No one has ever trod the air dance or has ever been seated in the hot chair for a butchery of, for, or by gangdom in Chicago. Rarely has it occasioned even temporary inconvenience to any accused "innocent."

"Pineapple" bombs, bombs exploding in the hood of an automobile, bombing of homes and kindred atrocities are among the negligible by-products of gangdom's rule.

The heads of rival gangs foregather, sign a peace treaty, and apportion out territory just as did the mighty of earth at Versailles after the World war.



But with this difference however, that the treaties of gangdom are better observed than any "great power" treaty ever was or ever will be. Statesmen may break treaties, shuffle and renege, and "get away with it," but gangdom has an automatic treaty-keeping machinery—and machine gun with its business end, cutting down the violator. No recriminations, no "notes"—just sudden death. And it works.

Occasionally gangdom makes a derisive gesture at the police—not only for the spoils but as spectacular evidence of its power and immunity. Witness the hold-up of Mrs. "Big Bill" Thompson, wife of Chicago's mayor, and the robbery of \$18,000 of jewelry from her person under the very eyes of the policeman chauffeur. That's a small item, merely spectacular evidence of gangdom's efficiency and immunity. Still it does furnish quite a morsel of thought food with quite some paprika sprinkled over it. Can you feature for example the wife of the Lord Mayor of London being held up and her person despoiled of jewelry while under the police escort? Why, the British Lion would roar until he split his throat and the British Isles would be fine-tooth-

combed for the despoiler. But Chicago merely smiles while gangdom guffaws.

Where the Blame Belongs

How come? Why is it that bootleggers, racketeers, hi-jackers, gangsters, murderers, and hold-up artists have Chicago in a vise? There is just one answer in just one word—PROHIBITION. The fantasy of Prohibition has financed the greatest Criminal Trust that has ever stalked this land—or any other. And here is the Bill of Particulars of gangdom's weekly income in Chicago as collected by the "big shots." It is furnished by a man of twenty years experience as a Chicago police executive and he knows what he knows when he knows it.



From beer, booze and alky . . .	\$3,510,000
Gambling and hand books . . .	1,250,000
Disorderly houses and speakeasies	1,000,000
Rackets, arsons and kidnaping.	500,000

Total gangdom's weekly income \$6,260,000

A multiplication of this weekly income by fifty-two produces the important annual total of \$325,520,000. This is quite a tidy sum of dough rolled

into the upper crust of gangdom and every dollar of it is really coined in the mint of Prohibition by and for gangdom.

Who are the greatest and most ardent supporters of the Anti-Saloon League and of the Volstead and Jones Monstrosities? They are the bootleggers, hijackers, racketeers and gangsters industriously working the greatest gold mine of criminality in history.

Siamese Twins of Law and Disorder

And what of the Chicago police in the bloody scenario of murder-fests, bombings, racketeerings, arsons and kidnappings? Just complaisant onlookers, that's all. Honeycombed with bribery and booze partnerships they are as helpless as babes. Occasionally they make futile gestures such as arresting the "big shots" as "vagrants." One of them, so arrested as a "vagrant," calmly deposited \$50,000 cash as bail and casually strolled out of durance. A "vagrant" deposited \$50,000 cash as bail and thumbed his nose at old Lawen Order who smilingly took the K. O. Can you beat it?

How can gangdom and gangsters be brought to terms by Lawen Order? By the same method that a beleaguered garrison is forced to surrender, by shutting off their supplies. If the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Monstrosity were rubbed off the statute books and booze distribution controlled and legalized, gangdom and gangsters would find their meal tickets canceled. To change the figure their vein of gold would "pinch out."

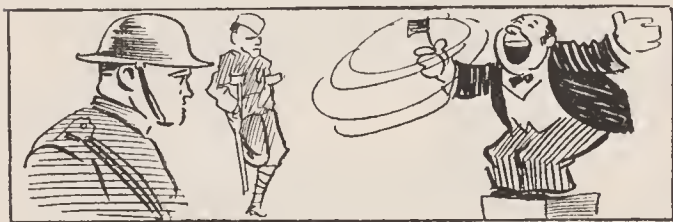
Just as long, mates, as Prohibition disfigures and enfeebles Uncle Sam he will lie prone in the ring

with gangdom handing him bunches of wallops and old Lawen Order wailing at the ringside in Chicago and in other poisoned purlieus in this bedeviled land.

* * *

The Boston Blowout

AND while we've got our dander up we'd like to pay our respects to those "thoroughly shocked" citizens of Boston who just can't seem to get over the fact that the Legion boys in the annual conclave there a short time ago raised a little real hades. "Awful," "terrible," said the "shocked" citizens after the "shock" troops had hit the line of hilarity and threw it back with a shout of victory. "We don't ever want another Legion convention," said the Bostonese. That old tea-party prior to the Birth of a Nation was a matinee compared to what the Legion "Hell-Hounds" did in Boston.



Well, let's see. Aren't these the boys we drafted and sent to H—? War is hell, isn't it? We have Sherman's word for it and plenty of corroborative evidence. And if these boys are graduates of h—, they're naturally young devils, aren't they? And haven't we been giving them h— ever since they returned?

Let's take another look. There was a Judas even among the apostles, wasn't there? And that ratio was one out of twelve. In a million or so Legion boys you would naturally expect to find a few real hellions, wouldn't you? Those were the boys who wrote the charter of the World's Liberty with the bayonet on the backs of Wilhelm's Potsdam gang, and you know it and we know it and England and France know it but won't admit it. They even want to charge us for doing it.

Don't condemn the boys or their Legion! Man for man they are all men—good citizens, good boys—ready to go to hell again for their country. In a few years they will be gray-haired veterans—the G. A. R. of another century. They are the backbone of the present generation. Some of them "let loose" during their conclave, of course, but we'll wager that the ratio of badness in the entire bunch would be far below that of any other group. They were veritable wildcats in the trenches. And they raise devilment during their get-together-week, we'll admit. What if some of them did let a little wind out of Boston's inflated idea of propriety? What if they did chuck the Bostonese maidens under the chin without the formality of an introduction? What if they did charter an "Austin" and drive it into the hotel elevator and equip the bell-hops with it to facilitate and speed up service on ice and charged water? Dammit, this wasn't a prayer meeting. It was just a reunion of the boys who came back from hell, and they got a little more of the stuff that wins wars out of their systems.

His Bill of Rights

THIS paternalistic old government of ours is getting to take more and more interest in our personal affairs every day. Uncle Sam is poking that long Yankee sniffer of his into everything he can find to snoop.

We have been told what to drink; when to eat and when to sleep; we have to give up a goodly chunk of the money we don't make every year in taxes; we have to do the government's bidding as to the care we take of the wife and if we wear red underwear we are slammed into jail as communists. We have seen too many government inspectors, from federal prohibition heroes to hunters of the Mediterranean fruit fly and the boll weevil.

For these reasons, I can sympathize with the grocer in Omaha who was drug into court for socking a government man in the eye. The judge asked the prisoner what he had to say for beating up Uncle Sam's boy.

"I'm guilty, guiltier than Jesse James, if you want to know it," responded the accused with a ring of defiance in his voice that sounded like one of Patrick Henry's speeches.

"I'm only a poor grocery boy trying to get along, but this baboon exhausted my patience," he continued. "I have kept my temper while government men inspected my cash register. I never lost my patience when the government tested my scales, or run their fingers through my butter looking for hairs. I even took it good-naturedly when they pawed over my hams and messed them all up with government stamps. They have graded my gasoline, inspected my

pepper for fly specks and tried to get the sand out of my sugar. I have figured out income tax statements until I have nearly lost what little mind I have. I have gone broke buying stamps to send back federal questionnaires on every subject under the sun. But when this bird came to the house the other day to see if the baby's diapers were up to government specifications, I just pasted him. That's all."

The World Has a Heart

MARY WEBER feared the accusing finger of scorn as much as she feared the law—now she has met them both, for the law has placed its hand on her shoulder and the blasting blaze of publicity flashes from the headlines of the sensational New York tabloid newspapers.

Three long years Mary kept her secret but always she was afraid. Her baby boy was born out of wedlock on a houseboat in the Harlem River. The birth was not recorded by a physician; a few months later



the child died, and Mary hid the tiny body in her trunk. She came to the great city of New York, rented a room in a tenement and had the trunk placed in the basement. Then during the long months she

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toiled for her daily bread, the thought of her baby in its homely tomb there in the basement ever before her.

She wanted to tell some one but fear kept her lips sealed—fear of society as well as the law. And then there came a day when two police officers pounded at her door; they led her to headquarters where she was told that the trunk had been discovered with its gruesome contents.

And then she was accused of taking the life of the child to hide her shame!

In Homicide court she told her story thus:

"The birth and death occurred on a houseboat in the Harlem River. The baby's name was Herbert Cossey. His father was George Cossey, who is now dead. I was frightened after Herbert died some weeks after he was born in 1926. So I kept the body.

"When I moved to Old Broadway I put the body in a trunk and later had the trunk placed in the cellar, where it was found."

The Court believed Mary, and now the body of her dead babe rests in a tiny white casket covered by a mound bearing a marker and Mary is no longer afraid. For the world believed her story, too, and the scorn she feared turned out to be sympathy and understanding, for the world—after all—has a heart.

The message that has come down through the ages still lives in the hearts of men and women despite the mighty flow of humanity's tide toward wickedness.

After all, Mary learned that she was not to be stoned in the public square. She had sinned, yes, but only as other girls have sinned through love. And

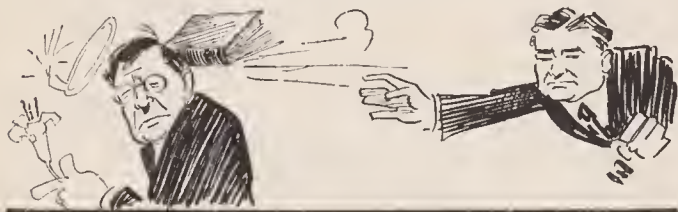
the horrors of that secret which had haunted her constantly have passed like an uneasy dream. Society and the law aren't so bad after all when they understand.

* * *

Cannonading a Parson

ALTHOUGH never a crony of William Randolph Hearst, Jim Jam Junior tenders his felicitations to the great publisher upon being defendant in a suit for 5 million bucks filed by the Reverend Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. South of what we do not know.

Even the saintly members of his own church can't stand for the antics of this holy man and



several efforts have been made to give him the bum's rush out of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

First, they caught the saintly old slicker dabbling in the stock market. And that's bad business for a bishop in a church that does not tolerate dancing, adultery or other indoor sports. Day after day, his name has appeared in the papers and none of the stories were very complimentary toward the Bible-thumping parson. His latest shot at the first

page, his lawsuit against Hearst, is based on remarks about his recent marriage in a Hearst newspaper. These are the words to which he objects:

"On the night before his first wife died about two years ago, Bishop Cannon visited Mrs. McCalum (now his wife) in her apartment. From there he remained in telephonic communication with his sons, who were at their mother's bedside in Washington. When he learned his wife's condition was critical he took the next train home."

He also squalls like a turpentine dog against the statement of Hearst papers that he tried to stop the rap on H. L. Goldhurst, a New York stock broker. Goldhurst was the lad who handled the Prohibishop's stock account when he took that little flier in the market last year and who is now enjoying a five-year wallop in Atlanta stir.

* * *

Fair Weather Friends in Politics

THERE has always been a little tug at our heart-strings when we look at that masterful painting by Orchardson of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. The scene is of the deck of the steamer which conveyed the Emperor to England on the 23rd of July, 1815. A cold, grey morning with a calm sea, off Cape Ushant, the ship rolling slightly. Napoleon, clad in the familiar grey coat, buttoned loosely over the green uniform of the Guards, is taking his last look at the Coast of France—his beloved, bleeding France. Behind him are his suite—Colonel Planat, General Montholon, Surgeon Mainguat, Count Las-Cases, and the Generals Davary, Lallemand and Bertrand.

The Emperor stands with his arms folded, the officers a little apart from him in respectful obeisance, until the thin coast-line merges into the waters. His hope has fled—he is a doomed man.

We are thinking of that last stand of a great man as he sailed for Alaska to think, and to endeavor to trace some faint hope in the shadows of doom that were gathering about him.

This man, like Napoleon, was masterful. He was red-blooded. But he was weak. He loved to rule and to fight. Elevated to the highest office at the hands of his followers he knew the apex of success 'ere he fell from grace.

We are thinking now of Warren G. Harding and in our thoughts we see him starting on that last voyage—a trip to Alaska. In our mind's eye we can see the treacherous gang in the background—Daugherty, Fall, Jess Smith and those others who composed what was known as "The Ohio Gang." The Harding of that day when he sailed for Alaska was a different Harding from the man who a few months before had been acclaimed by Americans as their Chief. The keen eye had lost its flash. He was weakened both physically and mentally. At times during that fateful voyage he showed a flash of his old self, taking a keen interest in the Alaskan industries and the attempt to harness that bleak frontier. But somehow we can never get the thought out of our mind that Harding knew—that he had a strange foreboding—and when the shoreline blended with the waterline on that fateful trip to Alaska, he was saying goodbye to hope, to happiness, to life itself.

There is a lesson in this picture that points with unerring figure the road that power must travel.

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Misdirected, it ends in ignominy, dishonor, disgrace, death!

Damned by his friends! That is the epitaph that should be chiseled on the stone abaft the Harding Memorial!

Warren G. Harding was one of the most lovable men who ever graced the mighty tide of public life. He was a man's man—but weak in the hands of his friends. He reached the pinnacle—the very topmost round in the ladder of public life. And while seated there at the very top—while President of The United States—a merciful and understanding Providence drew the curtain of death between the President and the traitors who had damned him.

Should not death balance the account? When a man lays down his life should not mercy and forgiveness drive humanity to forget? Maybe so.

But not the politician.

Down there in that old home-town of Marion, Ohio, the body of our President—Warren G. Harding lies in a tomb; it is a "Memorial" paid for by popular subscription, by the pennies of school-children, by the shower of silver contributions on the part of American people.

But it has never been dedicated! Calvin Coolidge did not choose to dedicate that Harding Memorial; Herbert Hoover has managed to sidestep the duty; and it will probably remain for a Democratic president—one democratic in principle as well as politics—to direct a dedication of the Harding Memorial.

*The faults of our brothers we chisel in
marble—*

Their virtues we write upon the sands.
Shame on everybody!

Scratching Ye Scribes

SOME of these hay-shaking journalists out in the wide open places take themselves as seriously as a college cheer-leader. Even though they get paid in potatoes and rutabagas and cabbages, they do pretend to have the romantic urge of the poet. Someone should take a few of these jibberers out in the back yard, place them firmly but gently over an empty barrel, and administer a daily dozen of socks on the tender portion of the carcass with a barrel stave that has been thoroughly soaked in brine.



This outburst has been coming on for some months but it came to a head as a result of something Jim Jam Jr. read in a Nebraska sheet. When anything comes to a head there is nothing to do but squeeze it. And squeeze it we will. Here's the mess that caused all the trouble:

"The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with a manner as entrancing as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of the flowers and a spirit as joy-

ous as the caroling of birds, and a mind as brilliant as the glittering tresses that adorn the brow of Winter, and with a heart as pure as the dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the Heaven-tuned harps of Hymen shall send forth the sweet strains of felicity that thrill the sense with ecstatic pulsing of rhythmic rapture."

To the editor, we send a case of French Lick's famous water. To the hick bridegroom, we suggest a slant at the woman of "wonderful fascination" as she crawls out of bed some winter morning with the makeup gone and the freckles shining through. "The Heaven-tuned harps of Hymen" can't laugh or play off that beauteous spectacle.

* * *

Happy Days Are Here Again, Gang!

BELIEVE it or not, a lot of the boys will be dancing with tears in their eyes unless they step out right now and get their copy of the Fourth Edition of the *Whiz Bang Smokehouse Poetry Book* which my good friend, Captain Billy, has compiled for the enjoyment of all booze histers, royal scalawags, rakes, woozy warblers and other good people who get a kick out of virile he-man verse. There's 200 pages of classics—old and new in this edition. It's just such a book as should be right at your elbow these cold winter evenings. By all means get a copy.



The Old Fiddler

He's Gone to the Bow Wows!



She—"Florabelle has gone into business of running a pet store—monkeys, parrots, rabbits, and puppies."

He—"I know she has, but she'll never make a success of it until she learns that business and friendship don't mix."

She—"Doesn't she know that already?"

He—"Apparently not. I called on her last night and she offered me a Peke for nothing!"

His Love Is Not in Tents



She—"Don't you love me more than you do some of your other wives?"

He—"No, I don't believe I'll play any favorites."

* * *

New Version

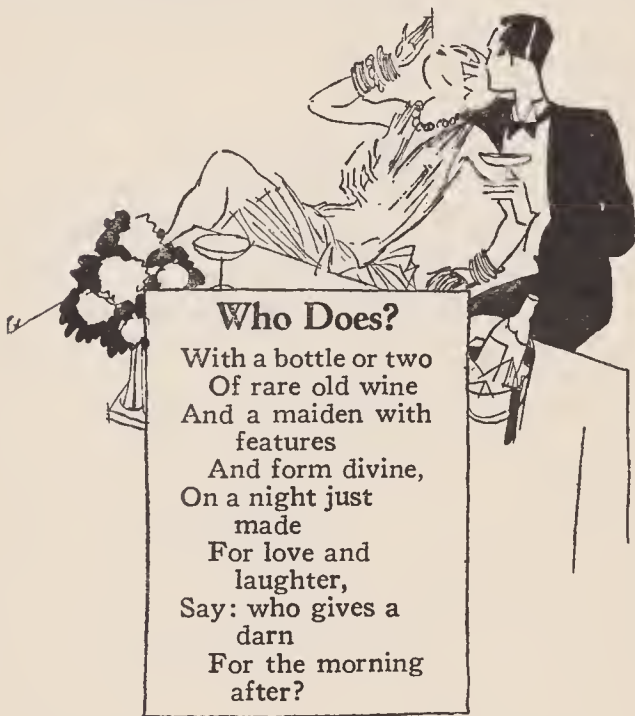
"Mother, can I go out to fly?"

*"Yes, my darling daughter,
Keep your hands off the old joy stick
And don't fly over the water."*

* * *

Stenog—"You're indebted to me for a lot of good times."

Boss—"Yes, I love my wife but owe you, kid!"



Who Does?

With a bottle or two
Of rare old wine
And a maiden with
features
And form divine,
On a night just
made
For love and
laughter,
Say: who gives a
darn
For the morning
after?

* * *

The Icemen's Quartette will now sing that flowery little ballad, entitled: "I'd like to stroll among the pansies with you." They will be followed by three old maids singing, "Lead Kindly Light."



It takes a lot of fever blisters to prove that hot lips have a conscience.

* * *

An uplifter is a fellow that usually gets his face slapped.

* * *

The great need of the western farm belt is something to make hoes as attractive as hose.

* * *

A smart man is one who wakes before he marries his dream girl.

* * *

A sugar daddy is a whole lot like a guy on a roller coaster—he pays every time he goes around the curves.

Her Sore Heel



"If the brute got fresh, dearie, why didn't you walk?"

"I promised mother I'd be home early."

* * *

*Many a man who looks
as if a good kiss would kill
him, lives to bury four wives.*

A Woozy Ballad

I'VE taken my drinks where I've found them,
Since Volstead got by with his crime;
And I've had my full share of wild parties,
And I've squandered many a dime.
Some was on hooch made of house paint,
Some was on gin mixed at home,
Some was on beer that was ripened by ear,
And some was on wild horses' foam.

Now I aren't no judge of strong waters,
For, taking the present day kind,
You never can tell till you've tried them,
And then you are like to be blind.
There's times when you drink till you're sea-sick,
There's times when you'll look for a fight,
But the times you'll recall when you're sober and all
Are the times you went out like a light.

I was only a youngster in Tulsa,
Dumb as a cluck to begin;
Some frowsy femme got me started
By feeding me green-colored gin;
I nearly croaked after the seventh,
Knocked me both cock-eyed and flat—
And the jane ran away with my last two weeks' pay,
And I learned about Volstead from that.

Ah, then I went east to Paducah,
And stopped at a temperance bar,
I ordered a raspberry phosphate,
And asked for a nickel cigar;

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But a guy with a jug got my number,
And asked me to stop for a chat,
My watch wasn't there when I came up for air,
And I learned about Volstead from that.

And later I stopped in St. Looney,
And made a surprising mistake,
When I bought me some ugly white whiskey,
As pleasant as poison to take;
I swallowed a slug for a taster,
And it blew off the crown of my hat,
The doc said I might pull a comeback all right—
And I learned about Volstead from that.

Then I got wise to the racket,
And bought me a keg of benzine—
Mixed it with sheep-dip and stirred it,
As nice as you've ever seen;
It took all the paint off the bath tub,
And poisoned the cow and the cat,
I didn't drink much for my stomach turned Dutch,
And I learned about Volstead from that.

Yes, I've taken my drinks where I've found them,
And now I am coo coo insane,
For each little shot that I hoisted,
Was just so much sickness and pain;
And the end of it is dreaming of old times,
'And wishing I'd taken plain tea;
So be warned by my lot, but I know you will not,
And learn about Volstead from me.



Pulling a Couple of Fast Ones

Ground Hog Day!



* * *

Too Rich

"You're living much too high, my dear,"

Said Doc to Cora Keats;

"You'll have to watch yourself," he said,

"You'll have to give up suites."

* * *

"What would you do if a boy friend called on you and was cross and crabby?"

"I'd scratch him off my list."

* * *

There ought to be a good story about the garter manufacturer's wife who sued her hubby for non-support.

Gertie Getzumoor,
the gold-digger, says
she got her fur coat
o n t i m e — a n d
WHAT A TIME!



* * *

J. J. J. Epitaph

Here lies the body of Whitie Black,
His car went dead on the railroad track,
When the choo choo train gave it a jar,
Whitie went dead with the rest of the car.

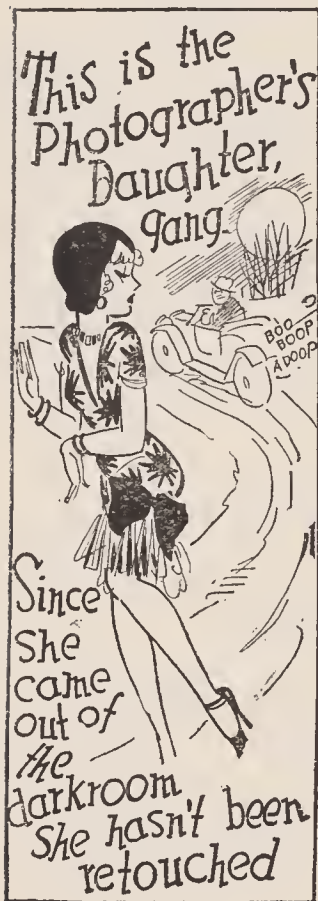
* * *

*The height of something or other is the old maid
who uses bachelor buttons instead of safety pins.*

* * *

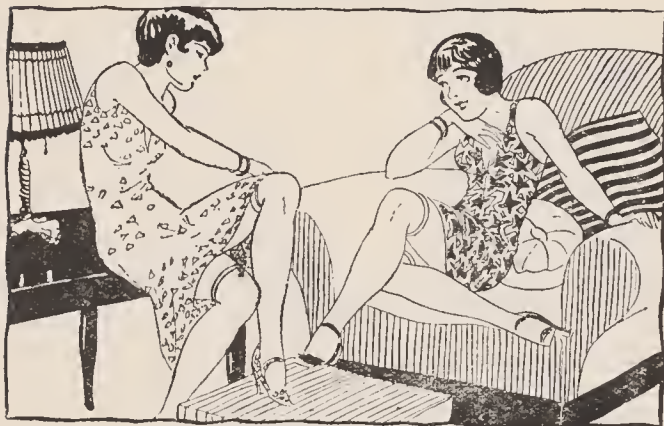
She—"Please restrain yourself."

He—"Why, I haven't even strained myself yet."



Hot House
Henry
Says He
Intends to
Call on the
New Minister's
Daughter
When the
Weather Gets
Colder, as
He Thinks
She Has
Plenty of Fire
and Wood.

X Marks the Spot



“How did Nellie get her arm broken?”

“Her absent-minded boss threw her off his lap when his ex-wife called to collect her monthly alimony.”

* * * Plaint of a Bigamist

*Of wives I'd three at once, good friend,
But Death was more than kind,
In taking two away from me,
Thus leaving one behind.*

* * *
The height of Coal Oil Pete's ambition is to go to Tia Juana where the Venus Club is lined with mirrors and make all the faces on the barroom floor.

No Holds Barred

"Handsome Harry is going to throw a party to-night!"

"Who's the lucky girl?"

* * *

"Nurse, how did that fellow get along—the one I fixed up with the old maid's glands?"

"Oh, he kissed himself to death, doctor."

* * *

Gertie says petting is like eating mushrooms—you never know if you are up against a toadstool until it is too late.

* * *

Abie—"Louie, dot dope, got arrested for speedink."

Bennie—"I didn't know he had it a auto."

Abie—"He ain't; he was speedink on the sidevalk."



Musta Been a Russian



A husky road worker rushed into a local cafe one day last week, seated himself at a table and then pulled out a bottle of Fluto water. As he was taking a big swig of the stuff the waitress approached him.

"Bring me an order of sardines," said the man.

"Do you want them served in the can?" she asked.

"No," said the man, "but hurry."

* * *

"Where have you been, Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"Traveling across Virginia, good Queen Elizabeth."

"Mercy! I hope you took your spurs off!"

Straight From the Hip



Fanny—"How do you know he's such a wonderful petter?"

Gladys—"Oh, I have first hand information."

* * *

She was only an Indian Chief's daughter but you should have seen her teepee.

* * *

Neigh, Neigh

Mule—"I noticed that little Shetland pony making love to the Percheron mare."

Jackass—"More horse-power to him!"



The Sport of Missing Men

She Wouldn't Stand for That



Conductor—"Madam, if you don't stop spanking that infant and making it cry, I'll have to ask you to get off at the next station."

Annoyed Mother—"I'm sorry, conductor, but he provoked me beyond words. I didn't mind so much when he kicked me in the rest-room, but when he bit me in the cafeteria, that was just too much."

* * *

Cokey Joe says that hauling ashes for his landlady is a labor of love.

Expanding His Business

Old Henry Hardcastle was always preoccupied with business. Everything was "Hardcastle & Company this" and "Hardcastle & Company that," etc.

So when he had to register the birth of his child at the Board of Health and he came to the line, "Name of Male Parent," he quickly filled in:

"Hardcastle & Company."

* * *



The Fireman Rocks the Baby to Sleep

Draw Poker

TO DRAW, or not to draw, that is the question,
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
The awful risk of pulling for a straight
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em to the limit,
And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin;
No more—and by that skin to get a full
Or two pair, or the fattest bouncin' kings
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin;
To skin, perchance to bust—ay, there's the rub!
For in that draw of three what cards may come,
When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
Which makes calamity of a bob-tailed flush.

For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
The luckless straddle, the wait on edge,
The insolence of pat hands, and the hikes
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
When he himself might be much better off
By simply passing? What would trays uphold
And go out on a small progressive raise,
But that the dread of something after call,
The undiscovered ace full, to whose strength
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will
And makes us rather keep the chips we have
Than be curious about the hands we know not of.

Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all.
And thus the native due of four-heart flush
Is sicklied with some dark and cursed club,
And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth.
With this regard, their interest turn away
And lose the right to open.

—Anon.

Rural Paper Gets Big Scoop



Sarah Sparrows—"I see by the Robbinsdale Gazette where Dickie Bird cleaned up in the restaurant business."

Lulu Lark—"Yeah! He started with a little dump just outside of Minneapolis and now he has a chain of roadside eating places from Coast to Coast."

* * *

It's the whole-souled gal who least often needs halfsoles.

* * *

Jerky Jerry says the most exasperating girl in the world is the bride who stands up in bed all night to keep her pajamas from bagging at the knees.

Too Ducky for Words



Mary—"Did Percy and Reggie have their apartment nicely decorated for their party last night?"

Sara—"I'll say so—I thought I was in Fairyland!"

* * *

According to Regulations

It was his first day as an infantry recruit and he had experienced great difficulty in mastering the various bugle calls. He had arisen to its clarion, it had summoned him to meals, he had been hailed to work and drill by it. At the close of an exhausting day he heard it again.

"Now what?" he inquired.

"That means lights out."

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. "Do we even pet by that darned bugle?"

A Lot of Corona



Boss—"Miss Lane, would it be possible for you to go on that business trip with me? There'll be lots of dictation."

Sally—"Say, big boy, I may be your typewriter, but don't get the idea that I'm a portable."

* * * Give This Boy a Hand!

It was the fourth time around and the sucker was losing heavily. Suddenly he turned to the man sitting on his right and whispered: "Did you see that?"

"See wot?" snarled the bozo.

"That fellow's dealin' off the bottom of the deck."

"Well, wot of it?" growled the man, "It's his deal, ain't it?"

Musta Been a Contortionist

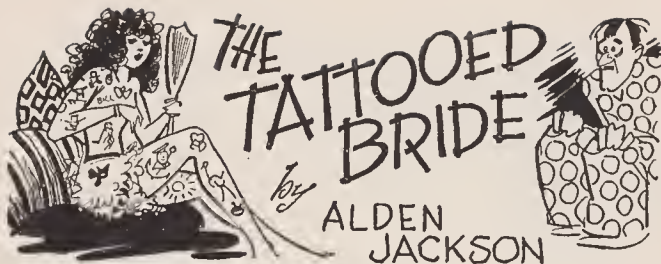


"Was it crowded at the dance last night, Ed?"

"Crowded? Say it was so crowded that I was dancing cheek to cheek with the girl behind me."

* * *

Horace Waters says that the old-fashioned girl who used to put out the cat and lock the front door now has a daughter who puts out the lights and lets kitty take its own chances.



SHE kept her secret well, oh, yes,
Her curious secret well.
We together were cast, of her colorful past,
She deceived me, this picturesque belle.

I married her, gullible fool I was;
Her designs left me pie-eyed and weak.
How could I have seen that my Angeline
Was a tattooed circus freak?

Ah, ludicrous and droll is a honeymoon
At Niagara Falls with a bride
Whose representations of men of all nations
Stand out on her hand-painted hide!

No censure I spoke, but drawing her near,
I gazed at an ostrich, and then,
A ship's hippy motion gave me the notion
She knew about seafaring men.

At night I'd wake at the midnight hour
By the side of my bride-cartoon,
To notice a whale lashing his tail,
While a cow jumped over the moon!

Vivid and clear was my wife's hidden past,
As I viewed her cosmetic complexion,

Where a Hula girl was doing a twirl
In the rotogravure section.

Alas, I was forced to give her up;
I fled from that weird honeymoon,
For a bridal suite to be complete
Should be more than a drawing-room.

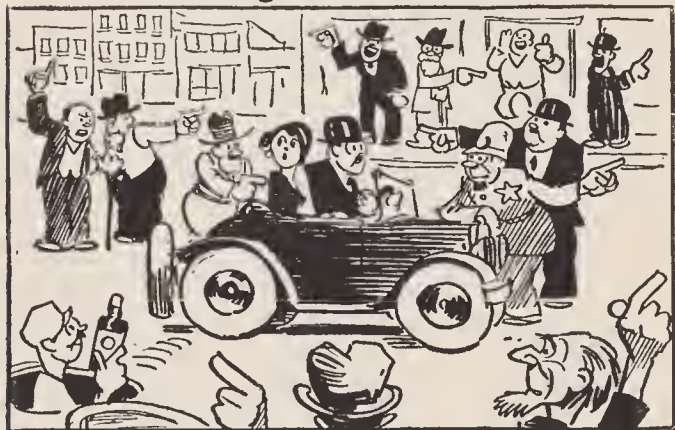
Now I sigh at night when slumber's light,
For my bride and her pictures shady,
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend,
An eminent bearded lady.

* * *

They call her "Miniature" — she gets
teed-up with every Tom Thumb.

* * *

Getting a Few Pointers



The tourist who asked the direction to a place
to get a drink.



FELLOW, just about the time all really nice persons are getting into their pajamas in lower New York at a new low, Harlem's chocolate hordes are wiping off their chins for a night amid the effervescences of the Black Belt. Some place, Harlem, where only night-watchmen snooze after twelve bells and the owl-watch stuff-struttin' goes on to an eternal accompaniment in minor keys of umber gin and hot snakehippin'.

If you think the picture is overpainted hit a Bronx express at Times Square at 11 P. M., the one on which the "ofay" fat Bronx mammas—ofay is colored for whites—go home after a wild night at the movies. Slop off the tube at—well, let's say 116, prowl to Seventh avenue, here in its upper reaches a double-width *strasse*. The sidewalks are teeming with promenaders of dun duskiness, as many femmes as males; gaudily attired negroid flappers, portly sepia gents, wearing heavy, old-fashioned watch chains hung with elks' teeth, draped across weskits on which often are streaked reminiscences of oyster stew and tomatoed lamb chops. A blaze of true color, indeed! "Sweet" women and men, with plenty of

sheik oglers mill restlessly at corners in little groups, talking, laughing, with plenty rib-pokings. It's Harlem on its midnight parade. It's the real thing you've read about in Van Vechten and the Sunday supplements.

Let the Fun Be-gin

How Harlem gets away with its watersheds of gin is what first will puzzle you. Let's take a sample thirstery. Push open the swinging doors that make you think of "Father, dear father, come home with me now"—only these sepes never seem to go home—and survey the long imitation-mahogany bar that hasn't an ofay at its edge until you and your party get your dogs on the dingy brass rail. Moving behind it, as though on sneakers, are two bright-faced young coons, white-aproned in the best booze-joint traditions, wisecracking with the "sweet men" who are gulping the concoction immortalised by the Afra-American. Contrary to downtown routine no "sweet women" are allowed to practice at Harlem bars.

The back-room—which often has a side-street "Family Entrance" as in days of yore—takes care of these embryonic snakehippers. Looking into this rear warren you will see splendiferous tile and mural effects, with table lamps softened to crimson pastels. Every table is filled, and the room is remarkably quiet—maybe it's a little early yet.

Oh, very well—what'll you have? Well, you'll have—if you're on—a "shorty." The shorty is a true, blown-in-the-glass Harlem invention being a half-pint flask of gin, sold at thirty-five cents the copy. The missile contains four fair-size gulps, and

it won't send you blind or off hunting a razor. It's pretty good stuff—and you appreciate it more when you find the boyish barkeep pushing onto you all the ginger ale you want—free. The cheapest drink in all Greater New York—and for a buck and a half you could accumulate on this synthetic compound a load big enough to sag a Mack truck.

Don't be foolish and ask for other vintages. For if you do you'll discover it is only gin that glitters up here. "Golden Wedding," or any other of its poorer relations will cost you just the same as in that swanky speake in the Frazzled Forties. Golden comes at two clams per half pint and 60 cents a swallow. Stick to your gin—Harlem fits in with that better. You came for "atmosphere," so let it rain gin.

Over the bar are dangled spotted lithos of pugs, and two or three half-nudes including Louise Cook, now the regnant snakehipper. A big sign declares, "City Pay Checks Cashed Here." Big John, the owner, will take a chance on a seven-to-three shot on autographs, city or otherwise. On the plate-glass window is either "Grill" or "Cafe"—no funny business. There it is and—strange to say, you never hear of a revenooer comin' around.

Hide-aways in Harlem

You'll find twenty similar bars within five blocks. You'll find no attempt at privacy in any of them. Counters and back-rooms are full of that restless life that marks Harlem at midnight. The night-clubs which dot this section, are largely a come-on for the downtown ofays—but no booze is vended therein, unless mayhap to tried and true patrons.

Jim Jam Jems

There's the *Cotton*, biggest and most brilliant of all, with a platform show rivalling the best of the white joints, in which Park avenue rubs shoulders with Broadway and Tenth avenue. There's *Connie's Inn*, which *was* even before Harlem was. It boasts no color line, but does have an artful segregation of tables. *The Spider Web*, with its tawny snakehippers and bawling comedians all trying to do Amos 'n' Andies or a neo-Harlem Bert Williams. *The Clam*, presided over by a fat Negress, who is both owner and mistress of ceremonies, who has tiffs with the police because she is mignonette herself. Downtown "temperamentals" of both sexes crowd up to see her. These clubs go on and on as long as any one's left—far, far into the dawn.

Clear of these are the hundreds of on-the-quiet joints, to which ofays gain admittance only by special intrigue. You can buy gin, "corn" and "sherry" therein, titled for the privacy. One of these hide-aways, recently closed, served only as a blind for snow-peddling and got "stretched" for that. At these places, as one sinks gradually into a catalepsy of gin daisies, the feature sharpest impinging itself on fading consciousness is the amazing camaraderie of the sepes. They call across table-tops, and in no time a sweet woman has elected to sit at their side. Familiar barriers fade out. Every one knows every one else and the hootch is the limit.

Sepes and Saps Don't Mix

But life in "Hah-lem" isn't all gin and sex. See it by day—the night-stuff is largely a mask. A drab stretch in the sun. Chitterling joints everywhere—

here you can get hogmaw or fried fish for a nickel or hot corn pone or black-eyed peas or barbecued chick. Or, de Lor' bless you, poke-chops. The Senegambians have to work by day to play at night. Happy souls in both diurnals, grinning, wise-cracking, strutting—not a single aroma of Dixie about them, hard-boiled sepes in the Broadway-Harlem manner that would cut a piece out of any one's throat that tried to take 'em back to Gawgia or Kaintuck.

There's a curse laid on the sepes, though—and that's when they look "whiteskin." Tough to mix with the Ethiopians with a peach-blown cuticle, fat calves and spatulous digits. Tough as hell—especially when some Rolls Royce ofay's got fooled at first and may find out. Then the living with the copper and black—lots of jibes and rough cracks and humblin's hard to bear, for those white corpuscles mean white ideas and ambitions. No tragedy quite so acid as that of the "high-yaller."

Lights and Shadows

What's the sepe really like? Well, the men are always dead sore on one another. They know nothing of real friendship—always cutting themselves a piece of somebody's throat. Damon and Pythias would be a greater washout in the Harlem Belt than Romeo and Juliet. In other words they're careless of everyone else's throat once you get messing around with theirs.

Few are intellectual or intelligent—on your fingers you can count the brownskins who are both. Their charm is an easy-livin', easy-drinkin' philosophy mounting almost to fatalism. Harlem is just

Jim Jam Jems

a rest-cure at midnight for frazzled Manhattan ofays.

The women? They charm the daylight out of lots of whites. But should someone let you in on a secret, ofays seldom charm them. They stick to their own umber out of preference and prejudice. Suspicious of white trash. They can hate an ofay right out of this world. You're usually a lost ball in high weeds with them.

* * *

Then there was a Scotchman who went in his B. V. D's. because he had a blind date.

* * *

Dumber than a turtle
Is Sarah Crunch;
Thinks the bite of an adder
Is a bookkeeper's lunch.

* * *

Willing to Make a Hog of Himself

Cokey Joe is not so dumb. The other night he overheard Giggling Gertie and her boy friend conversing as they sat on the davenport and the boy friend asked her if she would like to indulge in a bit of petting.

"I hope to kiss a pig," replied Gertie.

And believe it or not, Cokey Joe started grunting.



Accidents Will Happen

(From the Billings (Okla.) Times)

Mrs. A. Smith, our western buyer, will not do business for the next few weeks on account of giving birth to a 9-pound baby boy. Hereafter she will be transferred from the men's underwear department to the women's.

* * *

Modern Recommendation

(From the Chicago (Ill.) Tribune)

College trained woman, unincumbered, free to travel. Wonderful opportunity for a relined young widow to connect with an old established souse. Apply ready for work. 913 Garland Bldg., 58 E. Washington street.

* * *

The Prodigal Returns!

(From the Blackhill (Pa.) Weekly News)

Tom Jennings is back from Hollywood clerking again at the Smith drug store and says he is through with the movies forever. He is also rooming with his old landlady, Mrs. Green, as previously.

* * *

Tell Mother I'll Be There

(From the Frabeau (Neb.) Trumpet)

Join the croup of warsbipers at the parsonage on 7th and H. street at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. Subject of sermon: "The Elevation of St. Peter." All are welcome.

Why Not an Amusement Park?



“When you and the girl-friend stopped your car out in the country the other night, I suppose that was an amusement park.”

“No such luck. It was a National Preserve.”

* * *

Father Knows Everything

Percy was such a weak and effeminate creature that his father often said: “My boy, some day you’ll wake up a woman!”

And, later in life (after he married), Percy did.

* * *

“You’re getting corpulent.”

“Corpulent, heck, I’m a sergeant already.”



The Sad Case of the Fellow Who Went to
Honolulu for His Hay Fever.

Jim Jam Jems

Our idea of a sad sight would be a street cleaner who had lost his pile shooting craps.

* * *

Woman is never so ready to reveal her un-shirted soul as she is to exhibit its earthy tement.

* * *

“S a y, mister, are you the shepherd of all these sheep?”

“And how!”

* * *

A man is getting old when he admits there's something to the argument about twin beds.

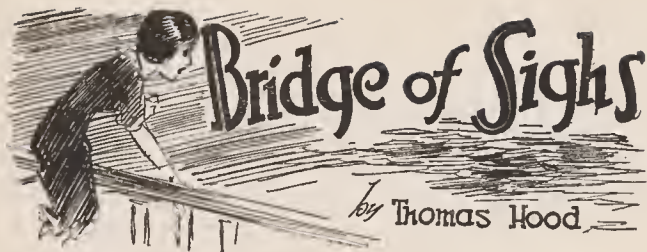
* * *

Cokey Joe—“Have a sip.”

Stranger — “Sir, I am a prohibition officer.”

Cokey Joe — “Pardon me, take the jug.”





ONE more unfortunate weary of breath,
Rashly importunate, gone to her death!
Take her so tenderly, lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—young, and so fair!

Look at her garments, clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly, loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully! Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful; past all dishonor,
Death has left on her only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—one of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers oozing so clammy.
Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—Whilst wonderment guesses, where
was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother?
Had she a sister? Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity
Under the Sun! Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full, home she had none.

Jim Jam Jems

*Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence; even God's providence
Seemed estranged.*

*Where the lamps quiver so far in the river,
With many a light from window and casement,
From garret to basement, she stood, with amazement,
Houseless by Night.*

*The bleak winds of March made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark, arch, or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—anywhere, anywhere out of the world!*

*In she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it, dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it then, if you can!*

*Take her up tenderly, lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs, frigidly, stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly smooth, and compose them.*

*And her eyes, close them, staring so blindly!—
Dreadfully staring through muddy impurity.
As when with the daring last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.*

*Perishing gloomily, spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity, burning insanity, into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her
breast!
Owning her weakness, her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour.*



WHEN chicken-hearted American citizens acting as jurymen lack moral stamina and courage to slap a life sentence on murderers and ravagers of young women, it is time to melt down the statue of Justice which tops the Capitol dome and sell it for junk. There are no words of scorn and indignation in the dictionary which can express the seething sentiments which rage in our breast.

The case which sent our blood pressure up to twice its normal count is the one in which a jury refused to charge William Gormley with murder, but instead charged him with manslaughter, which made it a sentence of only 10 to 15 years instead of a trip to the electric chair. The vitriolic tongue lashing which Judge Robert V. Kinkhead of New Jersey gave to the jury after it returned with its verdict leaves us with hope that the judges may redeem for the judiciary the honor which the juries have lost for it.

Slobbering Sentiment and Junked Justice

Here is the story, and every word is the scorching, horrifying truth of justice gone astray.

Gormley was brought back to New Jersey from

the Michigan state pen at Jackson—where he had just been given a stiff sentence after being convicted for attacking a school teacher—on a charge of slaying and ravishing Eleanor Quinn, a beautiful artist's model known as "The Broadway Rose." The state insisted that Gormley had fatally injured the beautiful model after luring her from New York to Hoboken and attacking her in a hallway.

There was something fishy about the affair. It was a unique trial because Gormley's attorney put no defense witness on the stand, nor was Gormley asked to testify on his own behalf. But the "Sheik," as Gormley was known among his friends, had been boasting that the case was "well in the bag."

Apparently under the influence of the sentimental drivel that these hero-worshiping, flat-chested sob-sisters of the yellow journals have been feeding the public, the jury trotted back after an eight hours deliberation without charging him with murder. The jurymen figured that from 10 to 15 years was long enough for a man who never denied he had killed Eleanor Quinn.

A Judge's Righteous Wrath

In spite of the scorn we have for the jury, here is where Jim Jam Jems heaps praise upon the brow of Judge Kinkhead. When the jury returned its verdict, Judge Kinkhead, his face white with wrath, turned on them with a scathing, blistering denunciation which would have peeled the hide off a mule-skinner's vocabulary.

"How in God's name could you men bring in a verdict of manslaughter in a case like this? How

could you look at the pictures and exhibits of the torn and mangled body of this girl? How could you listen to the testimony that this man, apparently a short time after the attack, was found on a Hudson-Manhattan train with blood smeared on his hands, his coat, his pants and his cuffs? How could you ignore the fact that he made no statement to the police about these stains and made no attempt to defend himself on the stand in this courtroom? How could you bring in any other verdict but murder?"

Dismissed Without Thanks

That was just a start of his denunciation of the jury's conduct. After this blistering tirade against the laxity of sentimental-minded citizens, he finished off with a judicial classic:

"I want you to go home tonight with this realization, that as citizens of New Jersey you have not done your duty. I discharge you without the thanks of this court."

Great God and Ruler of the Universe, what will come of this nation when its very legal structure, the fundamental principal of the constitution, the right of trial by jury, has become nothing but a mocking shadow of what our forefathers so bravely fought to secure?

Tears of Martyred Motherhood

The mother of the slain girl, who all through the trial was a pitiful figure, intoning aloud the rosary in the rear of the room, was overcome by the jury's act of clearing Gormley of the charge of mur-

der. Yet with the pathetic faith in the Supreme Creator, and with a stifled mother's love gagging her breath, she moaned "God be praised," and then threw herself on the bench, weeping hysterically and crying for her murdered daughter whose death was still unavenged.

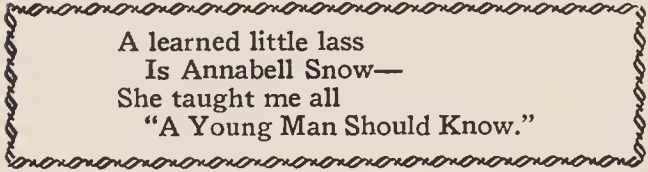
It is not often that a judge turns with scorn and contempt on a jury, but in the years that we have broadcast the blistering truth for the world to see, the annals fail to reveal so flagrant a violation of justice in meting out punishment to the guilty.

Roaming Beasts of Passion

Although Gormley is behind the bars for at least 10 years, what after that? The jury knew Gormley admitted that he had attacked two women. At the end of 10 years he will roam at large to breed his kind. By all that is holy and sacred, this black travesty on justice means that no child, no girl, no woman whose budding beauty is blossoming into the full flower of life, will be safe if juries refuse to eliminate these stalking menaces.

Noble and courageous Judge Kinkhead was bound hand and foot by the verdict of the jury. Yet his vitriolic words of wrath and scorn have spread the message and warned the nation of the danger which gnaws at its foundations.

* * *



A learned little lass
Is Annabell Snow—
She taught me all

"A Young Man Should Know."

Tell This to a Bosom Friend

Sophie Peters once studied to be a nurse. But she gave it up for this reason.

One night after a physiology lesson the class was instructed to read a book on the structure of the chest. The book was written by Alias O. Hare, M.D.

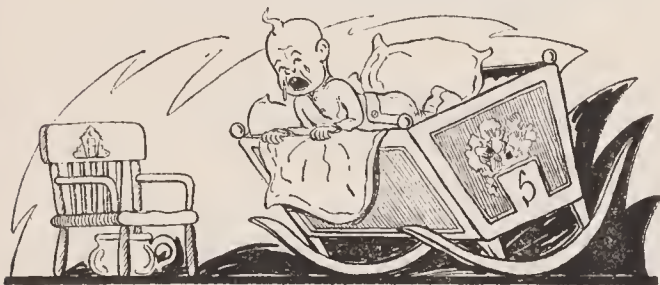
The next day the teacher questioned Sophie.

"Have you read Hare 'On the Chest,' Miss Peters?"

"That's none of your darn business," shouted Sophie and walked right out of the classroom.

* * *

J. J. J.'s Illustrated Song Hit



"Pal of My Cradle Days"

Sheer Nonsense



Nannette—"I'm pretty near discouraged, I tell you. I don't believe I'll ever get a promotion in this show!"

Yvette—"Don't lose heart, dearie. Just keep throwing yourself in front of the manager all the time. Never lose an opportunity to parade yourself before him."

Nannette—"Oh, rats! I've been parading before him every night for four months now—without avail!"

* * *

The boys call her 'CONTORTIONIST'... she always squirms out some way.

There's the Rub!



She—"You osteopaths have quite an easy and interesting time of it, I think."

He—"Not always. In fact, it's usually hard. We advertise to do our work at \$2.00 a treatment, and then these young flappers dance all night until they are so lame we have to massage every muscle in their bodies instead of just a few. That's what makes it tiresome."

* * *

A hot little laundress

Is Tillie McTiff

When she presses a shirt tail

The collar gets stiff.

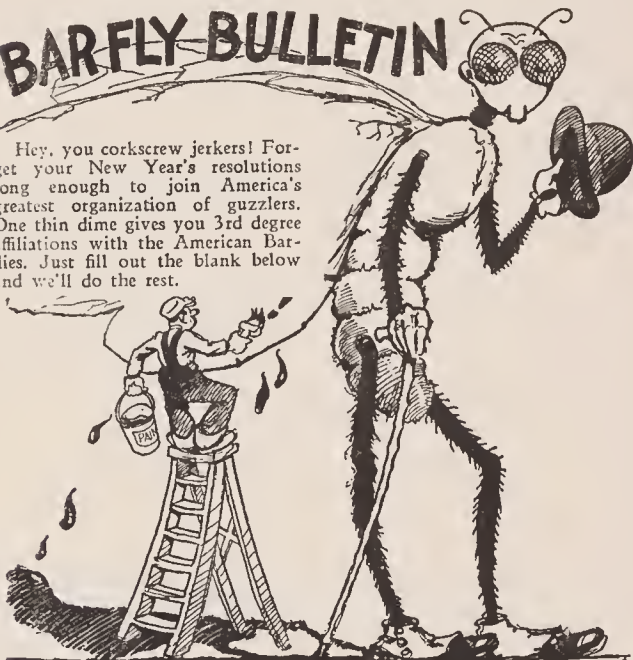
* * *

Jim Jam Jem Simile

As well-guarded as the keyhole in a bridal suite.

BAR FLY BULLETIN

Hey, you corkscrew jerkers! Forget your New Year's resolutions long enough to join America's greatest organization of guzzlers. One thin dime gives you 3rd degree affiliations with the American Barflies. Just fill out the blank below and we'll do the rest.



APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP American Bar Flies



Please send me membership card and rules—free.

Name

Address

Place an X in the square if you wish to become a 3rd degree member, enclose 10 cents and send it on to JIM JAM JEMS TRAP, 501 Seventh Ave. South., Minneapolis, Minn. If you are already a member, give your number, send a dime and we'll do the rest.

I enclose 10c for initiation into 3rd degree. ☐

Check and Double Check



“Boy, Ah is regusted.”

“Why fo’?”

“Dat gal fren’ o’ mine done reclined to recuperate mah affectations.”

* * *

Cokey Joe thought the midget's father was a Scotchman until he found out that his mother had been proposed to in one of those Austin cars.

BUNK from the BUNGHOLE



Good wine needs no bush,
and a gold brick needs no hod
carrier.

* * *

The difference between sauce
for the goose and sauce for the
gander depends a lot on whose
bull does the goring.

* * *

In life's poker game, every man
plays for a queen high, and
straight.

* * *

A hip-toting flapper makes
hey-hey with somebody's son
and her own moon.

Embarrassing Moments

The big gutter and yegg man from Little Bend who tried to pick up a girl in Great Neck, with his baby Austin.



Get in Line, Gang



Everybody sez:
"Better than The
Specialist"

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DOLLAR
A
COPY

and
make sure that you'll
have a copy of "The
Country Plumber to
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winter evenings. You'll
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